

CLASS OF THE LUMBERLANDS

by E. ALEXANDER POWELL

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOTION PICTURE SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORP.

SYNOPSIS.

Rupert Holmes, a lumberman of the North Woods, disappointed at becoming the father of a daughter instead of a son, abandons his wife and child to the log-jammed river. Thinking them dead, he allies himself with the lumber trust head, whose daughter he marries. But the deserted wife and baby are picked up and cared for by one Dave Dawson. Twenty years later Rupert Holmes is the lumber magnate fighting the independents around him. His daughter, Helen, unknown to him, has brought herself to his attention by several heroic acts about the camps. She takes up a fight against the trust and leads the independents in their defense against the great Amalgamated which seeks to absorb their hard-earned properties. In this Helen is assisted by Tom Dawson, a young engineer, and her foster father, Dave Dawson. Helen discovers that the trust is not lying up to them, and she proceeds against them. The village council resigns to talk her, but she helps elect another. Rupert Holmes meets his abandoned wife, Virginia, whom he has thought dead and learns that his own daughter is fighting him. In an attempt to kill Virginia he renders her an invalid, but she tells the truth about Holmes to Little Bear, the Indian boy. The Amalgamated foment a strike among the independent camps. In a riot the buildings are burned. Holmes' agent releases a car of explosive against the independent lumber train, but it is stopped by the heroic act of Helen. Holmes sends his son Stephen to win Helen to the side of the trust, but the boy falls in love with the girl. His father sends him away. Little Bear confronts Holmes with a threat, and Dill turns up to add his enmity. Helen learns from her dying mother that she is Holmes' daughter. Holmes orders his marriage records be stolen and destroyed. Tom Dawson and Helen finally recover the papers but water has rendered them worthless. In order to hold up Dawson's work, Holmes succeeds in getting the men off the job. Helen and Tom go to Capitol City for more men, but Holmes hires a gang to drive them back. In the fight, the gangmen are beaten and Dawson's work goes on. Stephen Holmes in an attempt to drive his father to play a square game sells his mine to get money to help Dawson. An effort is made to thwart him by wrecking his canoe. Helen sees it in time to save him. Together they race in an engine against Holmes' crew to cash the check for the needed money.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE

Rupert Holmes, millionaire lumberman, was startled out of his usual imperturbability. His face evidenced the emotions that stirred him. Here, indeed was a crisis. For years and years he had planned and plotted to defeat the aims of the independent lumbermen, which if realized would ruin him, and in every instance he had been thwarted by the quick wit of a mere slip of a girl—Helen Dawson.

Half an hour earlier, Holmes had bitterly reproached Helen's half brother, Stephen, with having paid \$37,000 to Dawson, the Valley Railway extension contractor, in defiance of orders to the contrary. The young fellow had replied in bitter anger that the debt was a just one and that he had paid it for that reason.

"Another thing," announced Stephen, defiantly, "some day I am going to ask Helen Dawson to marry me."

It was this announcement that had caused "Dollar" Holmes to turn white to the lips.

The thing most to be dreaded by him had come to pass. Stephen, the apple of his eye, in love with the one girl in all the world with whom marriage was impossible. There was only one thing to do. Stephen must be got out of the country on one plea or another and during his absence the girl must be disposed of. It was a time for action—immediate action at that.

With a determined gesture, Holmes pressed the electric button at his side. The pale-faced secretary, whose weight of criminal knowledge seemed to have sagged his thin shoulders into a melancholy curve, merely nodded when Holmes demanded the immediate presence of Behrens.

"Behrens," snapped the lumber baron, as Behrens entered, hat in hand. "That Dawson girl's got to be put out of the way."

"Now you're talking some sense," grinned Behrens. "I told you she was the whole works over on that grade and in the independent powwows. Why, say! She's the one that got young Steve to double-cross you in that payment to Dawson."

"I know all about that," interposed Holmes with a wave of his hand. "What we've got to do now is to get her out of this. It isn't what she has done in a business way, you understand. The reason is that Stephen wants to marry her."

Behrens' little, sharp eyes narrowed to pinpoints. He emitted a long-drawn whistle, as indicative of his understanding that here, indeed was a dilemma that would require all Holmes' ingenuity and determination for its solution.

"Why, Helen's his half sister. She's the legitimate heir to all your money and he's—Say! Steve ain't nobody, is he?" commented Behrens.

"Stephen is my son, d—n you," shouted "Dollar" Holmes. "No more of your remarks, d'ye hear. What I want you to do is to get some of your outfit together and run that girl out of this state. I don't care how you do it, but I don't want her back here."

"Bill!" Behrens did some rapid thinking. His memory ran back over twenty years, during which he had been the perpetrator of innumerable villainies at the behest of his employer. He saw, in a swift procession of events, the flight of Holmes' wife across the ice of the Colapool—the disappearance of the woman and child. He re-

called the tragic death of old Sleepy Dog, the Klamath Indian chief, slain by Holmes in a fit of rage, and he knew that every acre of Holmes' lumber holdings really belonged to the heirs of Sleepy Dog.

Now he realized that Helen Dawson, the fighting "Lass of the Lumberlands," was not only Holmes' legitimate daughter, but real heir to property held in his name, which property, if the truth ever came out, would revert to Little Bear, the son of old Sleepy Dog.

A broad grin broke out on the wind-tanned visage of Bill Behrens. For once in his life, at least, he had an idea. He would marry Helen himself. There would be a nice little abduction, a day or two of confinement in the Deering cabin out on China Flats—perhaps a little threatening might be necessary. That drunken old ex-preacher on the edge of the clearing would tie the knot.

As the idea took form Behrens broke into a laugh. Here was his chance—his long sought chance to even matters with "Dollar" Holmes—the hardest taskmaster in the world. Behrens would marry his daughter, claim her rights under the law, compel Holmes to recognize him as a social and financial equal. It was a fascinating idea.

When Holmes started for Capitol City with Stephen in the big automobile that had just been purchased for Florence Holmes, the lumberman's fashionable wife, Behrens already had his plans fairly well in hand. An hour later he was in conference with "Spike" Deering, head of the most disreputable band of ruffians that ever disgraced a countryside.

Late that afternoon, when the work train started for the now nearly completed grade on Shady Creek, carrying fifty or more new hands from Capitol City, Helen insisted on going along. The young woman's foster father, Joe Dawson, young Tom Dawson, her devoted admirer, "Tim" Morrissey, boss of the works, and half a dozen gang foremen who had just been paid off out of young Stephen's \$37,000 check, constituted a jolly party. Every man in the crowd had his eye on Helen.

So engrossed were the railroaders in their own affairs that they did not notice the presence on a rear car of "Bill" Behrens, "Spike" Deering and several men of his notorious gang.



Helen Felt Her Strength Going.

Nearing Holt's Siding there was a stop for a hot box. Helen was one of the first to descend for investigation. When the long work train again pulled out those who noticed that Helen Dawson was not on the "flats" believed that she was in the caboose where the riding would be somewhat easier.

It was Joe Dawson who discovered that Helen was not on the train, and the discovery was not made until nearly twenty miles had been traversed. Then one of the men on the rear flat-car told of having seen "Spike" Dawson and Behrens in conversation, crouched in the end of a gondola. The scattering of angry men that ensued was immediate. Dawson cut across to the main line where it was feared Behrens and his crowd might attempt to board another freight. But nothing practical was done because nobody knew of anything practical to do.

Tom Dawson, his face white and set, a .45-90 repeater over his arm left the train with a bound when it had been backed to the spot where the previous stop had been made. Like a hound he picked up the trail and unerringly he followed it mile after mile across the rough country. Sometimes only a broken bramble guided him.

Washing her hands in the caboose after tinkering with the greasy hot box, Helen Holmes was not prepared for the startling events that occurred in quick succession. Humming a tune as she reached for the roller towel, the young girl heard a step and turned to welcome one of her friends, only to gaze into the evil visage of "Bill" Behrens.

Before she could make an outcry

Helen was thrown to the floor of the car, her hands and feet were bound, a gag had been thrust into her mouth and she was helpless. A muffled "Spike" Deering and Behrens had lifted her out on the side of the train opposite that on which her friends were standing and dragged her into the thick growths beside the road.

Helen heard the train start and tried to struggle loose. Realizing the futility of immediate attempts to escape the young girl lay still and gave her word not to scream when Behrens at last undertook to remove the gag from her mouth under that condition.

"Where are you taking me?" Helen demanded, as soon as she was permitted to use her voice.

Behrens grinned and "Spike" Deering, mimicking the voice of his captive, announced that she was being taken to church—to a regular church wedding.

"You'll be made to suffer for this," Helen threatened, her eyes blazing with anger. "You men will be going to funerals instead of weddings."

"Well," interposed Behrens, "if you want to have your husband's blood on your head all right. I'm going to marry you tonight and a wife oughtn't to plan against her husband's life."

Then for the first time Helen began to realize the nature of the plot. She had long recognized that Behrens, despite his orders from Holmes, had entertained for her a sort of queer regard. The idea that such a scoundrel would seriously entertain thoughts of marrying her had never entered the girl's head. Now she fully realized her peril. Nevertheless, she was determined to fight to the last gasp.

Deering's camp was in the middle of a swale in the hardwood timber ridge below China Flats. It was a safe hiding place ordinarily, and none but experienced woodsmen would have detected the trails leading to it.

Tom Dawson had been born in the woods. He knew which side of a forest tree the moss grew on long before he could walk. From that period he had become familiar with every phase of woodcraft, so that to him the forest was as plain as raised print to an educated blind man.

It hadn't taken Tom long to realize the direction the tracks he had followed were taking. When habitations are few and far apart, deduction is simplified. Dawson knew that Helen had been abducted by Behrens and "Spike" Deering long before he came within sight of the clearing and saw the thin wisp of smoke rising from the Deering chimney.

Creeping forward slowly with his rifle at the ready, he was suddenly attacked from behind by two of Deering's men who had been set to watch intruders. Overpowered without a chance to defend himself, Tom was dragged to the cabin.

Helen saw Tom and her hopes rose. Already the drunken old preacher from the Bend was on hand. Fortunately the ancient reprobate had certain compunctions about performing a ceremony so long as Helen refused resolutely to consent to it. A quick glance passed between Tom Dawson and the young woman. It was a contract. They would fight it out—but how?

Then chance gave Helen her opportunity. Behrens turned his back to her to argue with the minister. Quick as a flash Helen whipped the automatic from his pocket and slipped it to Tom. An instant later "Spike" Deering lay writhing on the floor of the cabin, a bullet in his abdomen, two of his henchmen were wounded and hors du combat, while Helen was tearing wildly across the clearing to the deep railway cut which was traversed at Coleman's Crossing by an overhead trolley railway used for light express to the little mining town in the valley below.

Seizing the trolley wheel with its hanging metal attachment, Helen swung herself over the chasm without an instant's hesitation.

From his position below on the railway track, Behrens saw the girl swaying at a dizzy height and realized that she would probably be dashed to death within a few moments. Rushing at terrific speed down the swaying wire, Helen felt her strength going. With a glance downward she saw that she was directly over the Valley Railway tracks. The trolley had jammed and she was hanging there immovable.

With death staring her in the face, Helen dimly heard the approach of a trait. What happened afterward she could not remember until the last instant of self-preservation prompted her to grasp at a rail to keep herself from rolling off the roof of the box car on which she had fallen from the trolley wire. The mixed freight was an hour late.

Lying half fainting on the roof of a speeding car, the frightened girl saw Behrens coming toward her. He was clambering over the roof of the box car.

Helen had no strength left to fight. Behrens raised her to her feet and was trying to force her to the end of the car. With a despairing effort Helen Dawson resisted. She felt that her last moment had come.

"Crack!"

There was the faint report of a rifle from the side of the track and almost simultaneously Behrens' hold of the young woman relaxed. The next instant he staggered and plunged head foremost into a swamp beside the track where he disappeared from view.

As Behrens fell, Tom Dawson stepped from the brush, the still smoking lag rifle in his hand. Two minutes later the train had come to a stop and Helen was again in the hands of her friends.

(END OF THIRTEENTH EPISODE.)

Lilies of Peace

O! beautiful Easter lilies that open your hearts today In the dusk of the proud cathedral, or the village chapel gray.

I look at your creamy petals and your buds of pearl and snow,

And think of the stifling trenches o'er the wide Atlantic's flow,

Where the soldiers wounded and weary, unshaven and unshorn,

Crouched like beasts in their burrows, wake to the Easter morn,

And their only Easter anthem is the rumbling cannon-wheel,

And in place of the Easter lilies are rows of cruel steel.

I think of the ruined altars with broken debris strewn,

The roofless walls that totter a-gape to the sun and moon,

The bells in the battered towers that hang so sad and still,

The silent pipes of the organs, the darkness and the chill,

The empty aisles and the silence where once the music poured,

In a silver flood of gladness to greet the risen Lord,

And kneeling among the lilies fragrant and pure and fair,

The white and wondrous lilies, I breathe an Easter prayer.

"Lord of the Easter morning, in thy compassion great,

Bind up the bleeding nations and cleanse their souls of hate,

To Europe's war-worn people their ravaged homes restore,

And bid the fields of battle grow bright with flowers once more;

And let these Easter lilies that gloriously unfold

Beneath the painted window of saints in blue and gold,

From snow-capped Fujiyama to purple isles of Greece,

Bear through the world a message of everlasting peace."

—Minna Irving in Leslie's.

Memories of Easter Days



ASTER memories, past and present! Tenderest vanities of earthland, fragrant with the odor of Annunciation lilies and bound about forever, with a scroll bearing words of promise!

Long ago the gowns whose soft harmonies delighted have faded; with the vanishing years have gone the dainty love tokens and the lover; still the covenant remains and the golden glory of the promise:

"I am the resurrection and the life!" Far above the high-backed pew the minister's voice intones the Easter text.

Stretch as she may her fat little chubby neck, baby Anne cannot see the minister; so she gives herself over to thoughts of glories of her new Easter toilette; a round, pink-faced maiden she is, sitting straight and proper as becomes her years; she counts exactly five; in a new little gown, low of neck and short of sleeves, and a very round, short, little skirt; a monstrous scoop bonnet, tied with fat pink little bows under her fat, pink little chin.

Admiring contemplation of her two white-stockinged legs, projecting from beneath stiffly starched pantalettes, is intermingled with pensive anticipations of soon beholding the fat pink, also green, blue and red eggs, awaiting her at home after the Easter service.

The minister's voice soothes like lapping waves; of a sudden the prophecies of 1845 are forgotten; little Anne's golden head falls against her grandmother's shawled arms, and she sleeps!

"I am the resurrection and the life!" Again the words of the Easter text fall upon "Miss" Anne's ears unheeded.

This Easter a lover in uniform stands by her side; about him all of her thoughts center.

His gift is the nosegay in the silver flower holder that dangles from the silver ring on her finger.

The new Easter toilette is even a thought of him, for were not its beauty and its modishness planned to win favor in his eyes?

Silver poplin it is, with a tight-fitting waist, pointed in front and in back, but its full splendor reserved for skirt effects, of yards of close-gathered, glistening breadths, falling over an enormous crinoline, but lifted on one side to reveal the coquetry of a scarlet satin petticoat; a crocheted net of scarlet chenille confines her black curls, and scarlet are the loops of velvet that fall in a curtain from the back of her tiny triangle of a bonnet.

The minister and his world are so far away.

Life—and the joy of Easter lilies, and love, are so near!

"I am the resurrection and the life!" The little black-draped figure of the little old lady in the high-backed pew straightened perceptibly at the words of the minister as he read his Easter text.

For an instant her face against the crepe of the mourning veil she wore gleamed like a lump of alabaster; then the flame went out in grief, for the losses of the years; the husband, the little ones, the bitter loss of all, the boy—her first born—who died at Sidney.

Tremblingly she strives to draw the mourning veil across her withered, wrinkled little old face to conceal the

slow-gathering tears of age; straightway a bundle of chiffon and satin shook itself away from her lap and a tender little rosebud face framed in a crushed, beruffled little bonnet of dainty rose pink looked lovingly into hers.

"Granny crying?" she begged. "Little Anne naughty? Little Anne sorry; don't cry, granny."

"Granny" Anne of seventy smiles through.

"I am the resurrection and the life." It is "Miss Anne" now, if you please, in the old family pew; her husband on one side of her and her children on the other like heads upon a lily stalk, who smiles in happy thought.

How Jack had laughed at her coquettish confession that she had chosen black for her new Easter gown since she was afraid she was too old now for gay, bright colors. (As if the new Easter dress had not been chosen as a special test of becomingness, with its long, slender polonaise and perky little bows everywhere over the shirred, puffed, bouffante underskirt!) There



Again the Words of the Easter Text.

was no confession of years in the tiny "capote" of glittering jet, with wide bows of filmy tulle.

The test had succeeded royally.

To John and the children she would always be ever lovely, ever young.

"Granny's Heart's Ease!"

The joy of all the Easters that are dead and gone were not sweeter than her smile, for is not "baby Anne" the joy of the new, the "earthly always" of "Granny Anne," and full recompense?

—Edna Dean Procter.

Easter Night

The fates are done; the Aves said;

The moon has filled her horn;

And in the solemn night I watch Before the Easter morn,

So pure, so still the starry heaven,

So hushed the brooding air,

I could hear the sweep of an angel's wings If one should earthward fare.

—Edna Dean Procter.

Easter's Message Still Impressive.

Easter crowns majestically the unfolding loveliness of the year, and if the world sends up echoes of discordant conflict, Easter time's message gains in impressiveness of meaning on that account.

LIVE STOCK

USE OF BACTERIAL VACCINE

Vaccination as Preventive for Strangles and Distemper Being Extensively Employed.

The vaccination of horses as a preventive for strangles or distemper is being extensively employed. It has been found that the cause of the disease warrants the use of a bacterial vaccine. This gives assistance to nature's own efforts of protection and forms the logical means of preventing strangles as well as other diseases caused by specific organisms.

The outcome of the vaccination of horses has in some instances been disappointing. It is possible that in such cases the bacteria has deteriorated or become ineffective, or that the results are complicated by secondary infections. In the latter case it is advisable to use bacterins that will combat the secondary infections. These are called mixed bacterins, and contain a variety of killed bacteria commonly encountered in such diseases.

In case distemper appears, all healthy animals should be immediately injected with streptobacterins. The administration of bacterial vaccines should be made by a competent veterinarian, as improper administration may not provide proper protection and so result in irregularities. Bacterins can be obtained from manufacturers of various biological products.

CLIPPING HORSES IN SPRING

Heavy Coat of Hair Causes Much Sweating, Which Is Enervating to Work Animals.

A good many horses come through the winter season with heavy, rough coats that are not shed when spring work begins; the result is they are uncomfortable when at heavy work. A heavy coat of hair causes much sweating, which is enervating to the horse and consequently produces an unnecessary drain upon his strength and vitality. Nor is this all. A horse that sweats freely during the changing weather of spring is very apt to take cold. Rough, shaggy coats should be clipped in the spring before heavy work begins.

There are excellent clippers on the market for this purpose, and they can be bought at very reasonable prices. A good clipper will pay for itself in a single season on almost any farm, and sometimes it will do much more than that. If a team is laid up with a bad cold for a few days when work is pressing the loss of work may become very expensive. This should be avoided by the use of a clipper and incidentally also make the horse more comfortable.

KEEP ALL SWINE CONTENTED

One of Most Difficult Animals to Control Once It Gets Habit of Breaking Out of Pasture.

When a hog once gets the habit of getting out of its yard, pasture or whatever its enclosure may be, it is one of the most difficult animals to control. You can stop a breachy horse or cow if you build a fence high



Contented Sow.

enough, but a hog goes through. If there is no hole in the fence it makes one. Of course if the fence was so tight at first that the hog could not get through, it won't bother you the second and forty-ninth time.

Insufficient or irregular feeding, or failing to supply something which the animals crave in the feed makes hogs restless and ready to take the first chance of exploring the outside world in hopes of finding what they failed to find in their troughs.

It saves time and patience to keep them contented and at home.

COMFORTABLE PEN FOR SOWS

Cheaper to Warm Animal With Reasonably Good Building Than to Furnish Alfalfa.

Do the hogs have warm, dry beds? Remember that it is a matter of economy in rearing hogs to provide them with comfortable quarters. It is cheaper to warm a hog with a reasonably good building, with straw and litter, than to burn alfalfa hay and 60-cent corn in maintaining the heat of the animal body.

PERMITTING RAM WITH EWES

Not Advisable to Let Him Run With Flock Longer Than Six Weeks to Prevent Accidents.

Never let the ram run with the ewes any longer than six weeks, for he will butt them around and cause them to lose their lambs.

They will mostly all get with lamb sooner than this, but it is best to keep him in long enough to be sure.